
Title: Verbal Abuse I, Vol II

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Story 2:

A Thief hired a room in
a tavern and stayed a
while in the hope
of stealing something
which should enable him
to pay his reckoning.

When he had waited
some days in vain, he saw
the Innkeeper dressed in
a new and handsome coat
and sitting before his
door.

The Thief sat down
beside him and talked
with him. As the
conversation began to
flag, the Thief yawned
terribly and at
the same time howled like
a wolf.

The Innkeeper said,
"Why do you howl so
fearfully?" "I will tell
you," said the Thief, "but
first let me ask you to
hold my clothes, or I
shall tear them to pieces.

I know not, sir, when I
got this habit of yawning,
nor whether these
attacks of howling were
inflicted on me as a
judgment for my crimes,
or for any other cause;
but this I do know, that
when I yawn for the
third time, I actually turn
into a wolf and attack
men." With this speech
he commenced a second
fit of yawning and again
howled like a wolf, as he
had at first.

The Innkeeper hearing his
his tale and believing
what he said, became
greatly alarmed and, rising

from his seat, attempted
to run away.

The Thief laid hold of
his coat and entreated
him to stop,
saying, "Pray wait, sir,
and hold my clothes, or I
shall tear
them to pieces in my
fury, when I turn into a
wolf."

At the same moment he
yawned the third time
and set up a terrible
howl. The Innkeeper,
frightened lest he should
be attacked, left his new
coat in the Thief's hand
and ran as fast as he
could into the inn
for safety.

The Thief made off with
the coat and did not
return
again to the inn.

Every tale is not to be
believed.

Story 3:

A man had two dogs: a
Hound, trained to assist
him in his sports,
and a Housedog, taught
to watch the house.

When he returned home
after a good day's sport,
he always gave the
Housedog a large share
of his spoil. The Hound,
feeling much aggrieved at
this, reproached his
companion, saying, "It is
very hard to have all
this labor, while you, who
do not assist in the
chase, luxuriate
on the fruits of my
exertions."

The Housedog replied,
"Do not blame me, my
friend, but find fault
with the master, who has
not taught me to labor,
but to depend for
subsistence on the labor
of others."

Children are not to be
blamed for the faults of

their parents.

Story 4:

A Rose and an
Amaranth blossomed side
by side in a garden, and
the
Amaranth said to her
neighbor, "How I envy you
your beauty and your
sweet scent! No wonder
you are such a universal
favorite."

But the Rose replied
with a shade of sadness
in her voice, "Ah, my
dear friend, I bloom but
for a time: my petals
soon wither and fall, and
then I die. But your
flowers never fade, even
if they are cut; for
they are everlasting."

"Greatness carries its
own penalties."

This last one Tai wrote
especially for the twins.

Story 4:

Owly started asking
questions when he was
two years old.

He would sit all night
with his mother under
the stars.

"How many stars are in
the sky?" he asked one
night.

"Many," answered his
mother.

"How many?" asked Owly,
looking up.

His mother smiled.

"Count them."

"One, two, three, four..."

"One hundred and one, one
hundred and two, one
hundred and three, one
hundred and four..."

Owly was still counting
when the sun came up.

"One thousand and one,
one thousand and two..."

"How many stars are in
the sky?" asked his
mother.

"More than I can count,"
said Owly, blinking. And
he tucked his head under
his wing and went to
sleep.

The next night Owly
looked up at the sky
again.

"How high is the sky?" he
asked his mother.

"Very high," she said,
looking up.

"How high?" asked Owly.

"Go and see," said his
mother.

So Owly flew up into the
sky.

He flew high above his
tree.

He flew to the clouds.

He flapped his wings very
hard.

He flew above the clouds.

But as high as he could
fly, the sky was always
higher.

In the morning when he
landed on the tree, he
was very tired.

"How high is the sky?"
asked his mother.

"Higher than I can fly,"
said Owly, closing his eyes
and falling asleep.

The next night Owly
heard the sound of the
waves in the ocean.

"How many waves are
there in the ocean?" he
asked his mother.

"Many waves," she
answered.

"How many?" asked Owly.

"Go and count them." she
replied.

So Owly flew to the
shore.

He stood on the beach
and counted the waves.

"One, two, three, four..."

But as many as he could
count, many more
followed.

"One thousand and one,
one thousand and two..."

And when the sun came
up, he saw that there
was still an ocean full of

waves.

So, sleepily, he returned to his mother.

"How Many waves are in the ocean?" she asked.

"More than I can count," answered Owly, closing his eyes.

The next night Owly asked his mother,

"How deep is the ocean?"

"Very deep," she answered.

"How deep?" asked Owly.

His mother looked out at the sky.

"Almost as deep as the sky is high," she said.

Owly looked up. He sat there all night thinking about the sky, and the stars, and the waves, and the ocean, and all he had learned from his mother.

And as the sun came up he turned to her and said, "I love you."

"How much?" asked his mother.

"Very much," answered Owly.

"How much?" she asked.

Owly thought for a minute and then gave her a hug.

"I love you as much as the sky is high and the ocean is deep."

She put her wing around him and gave him a hug.

"Do you have any more hugs to give me?" asked Owly.

"Many more." His mother hugged him again.

"How many more?" asked Owly, falling asleep.

"As many as there are waves in the ocean and stars in the sky."

And she did.